

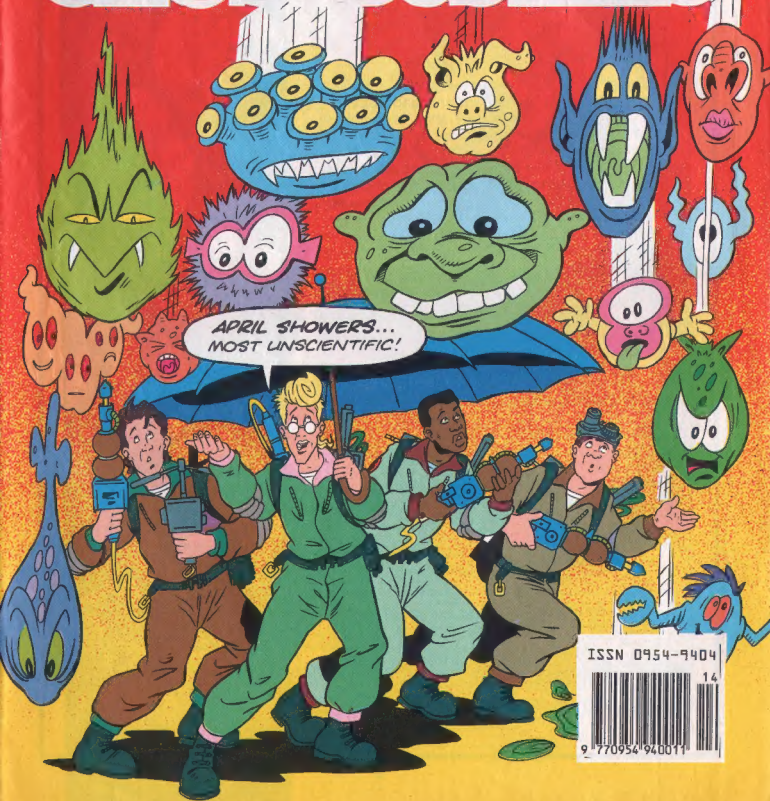
MARVEL®  
7th Apr 90

# THE REAL

NO95 45p

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Industries Inc.

# GHOSTBUSTERS™



ISSN 0954-9404



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It has been known to rain cats and dogs, but **The Real Ghostbusters** have more than their hands full when they battle a downpour of devilish demons in this week's **Winston's Diary!** Let's hope that they've got their **Ecto-wellies** on! As soon as the weather starts to improve the gang decide to take their bucket and spade on a well-earned break down on the beach in **Ghostbustman's Holiday!** But is it all as it appears!

Apart from all the regular features, we have a spooky readers' offer competition, and the first instalment of **Ghost Gangsters!** So don't miss an issue, will you!

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# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



**PETER VENKMAN**



**EGON SPENGLER**



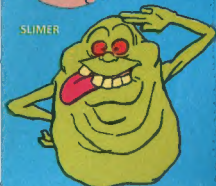
**RAY STANTZ**



**WINSTON ZEDDEMORE**



**JANINE MELNITZ**



**SLIMER**

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

## GHOSTBUSTMAN'S HOLIDAY!

THE GHOSTBUSTERS ARE ENJOYING A BREAK AT THE SEASIDE...



THIS IS THE LIFE SUN, SEA, SAND AND NO SPOOKS TO SPOIL THE SCENE.



I'M JUST GOING TO LIE HERE AND SOAK UP THE SUN.

I'LL JOIN YOU, JANINE. A REAL MAN NEEDS A TAN!

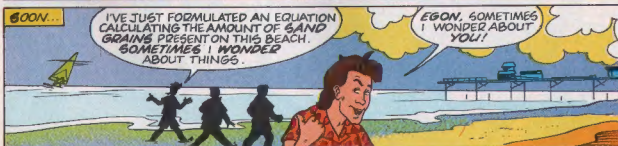


ON SECOND THOUGHTS, GUYS, WAIT FOR ME!

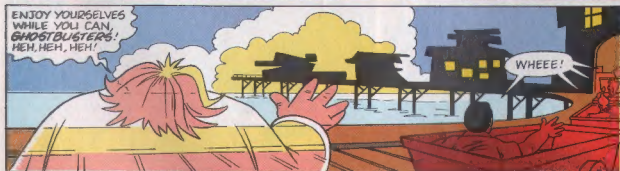
SOON...

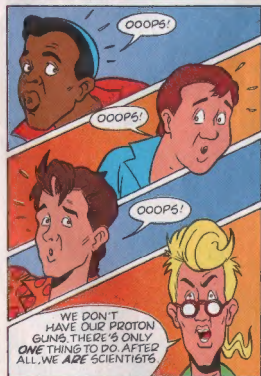
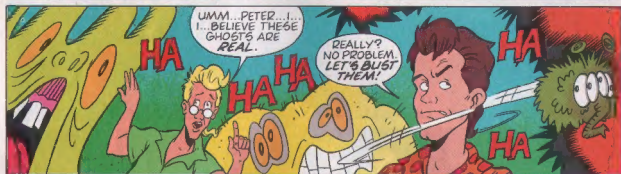
I'VE JUST FORMULATED AN EQUATION CALCULATING THE AMOUNT OF SAND GRAINS PRESENT ON THIS BEACH. SOMETIMES I WONDER ABOUT THINGS.

EGON, SOMETIMES I WONDER ABOUT YOU!



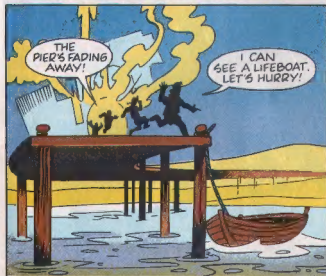












# What is more exciting than an Easter Egg and doesn't rot your teeth?

The answer is, of course, a great Easter Special from Marvel!  
Choose from three great flavours...

**THE REAL**  
**GHOSTBUSTERS™**



**YOGI BEAR™**



**WOWSER™**



Freshly hatched from MARVEL® this Easter.

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HANNA BARBERA PRODUCTIONS INC. WOWSER © 1990 LOMBARDI/DUPA.



# SPENCER'S

## SPIRIT

## GUIDE

Late on the afternoon of the third of January, 1951, on the Pacific Atoll of Haltaneki, Rick Cassatta, the airstrip superintendent, reported a downpour of loganberry ice-cream that lasted for twelve minutes. After this bizarre storm, Haltaneki looked less like an atoll and more like a sundae, and Rick was left in a confused and somewhat sticky state, puzzling over quite what had happened.

His report of the strange event found its way, along with many other similar accounts, to the office of Professor Ian Fisher at the *Institute of Blisteringly Unexpected Meteorological Predicaments*, or B.U.M.P. as it is better known. By 1951, Fisher had spent more than thirty years of his long distinguished beard studying the more bizarre forms of paranormal weather formation. It was he who coined the term 'Ecto-Tempest' in his 1943 book *Dire Combustion Down To Bottomless Perdition: Phantom Weather Formations In Southern China*. It was he who first recorded the rainfalls of fish and other small, non-airborne objects in his 1946 book *The Rain It Raineth Every Day, But Not Always Kippers*. It was he who first warned against the potential for larger things to be rained down on us during phantom storms during his 1949



## PART 95

book *Drop The Brolly And Run: Here Comes a Filing Cabinet*.

Let's explore some of his crucial findings:

### Ecto-Tempests

According to Fisher, there are two types of Ecto-Tempest. The 'Poltergeistoid' and the 'Interdimensionaloid'. This first type, the Poltergeistoid, was a massive weather disturbance caused by the PKE effects of a Paranormal incursion. This often-caught up large amounts of terrestrial objects and rained them down on the world beneath. The Haltaneki event is one such incursion, and one might also quote the downpours of stetsons (Crewe, 1916), doorknobs (Guatemala, 1868), blotting paper (Merseyside, 1900), ocelots (Arbroth, 1911) and

anvils (Plaistow, 1920).

The other type, or 'Interdimensionaloid' is described by Fisher like this: "Occasionally, the ectoid powers build up in the paranormaloid dimensionoid flux to such an extendoid that they burst through into the terrestrialoid dimensionoid and rain down a furious welteroid of minimal classoid paraphantas-moids."


Bob Pants, in his 1976 book *Ian Fisher: A Life In The Meteorological Fast Lane* suggested that after being struck on the head by a falling cuttlefish or teak veneer stacking table once too often, Prof Fisher had begun to experience pretty freak weather conditions himself and had taken to popping the suffix 'oid' onto as many words as possible. Pants points to certain facts to back up his case: he mentions Fisher's children, Eddoid, Valeroid and Annoid, to Fisher's home in Cheam called 'Dunroaminoid' and concludes that in later years, Fisher's outlook was occasionally bright, with scattered oids leading to heavy kippering coming in during the night, followed by patchy macaroni and treaching by the weekend.

Prof Fisher was buried in 1968, at the age of ninety, under twelve hundred-weight of nectarines. He died two years later.

# WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story **DAN ABNETT**  Art **ANDY LANNING** and **STEPHEN BASKERVILLE**

*Wednesday, 28th March 1990*

Got a card in the post today telling me the lines that I'd be expected to say in the TV advert that I'll be recording this week. This ad agency called Beagle, Bagel and Bigotry are making a whole series of commercials for a firm called Bone-Dry Brollies Ltd, and they're getting all sorts of celebrities involved. There'll be one with the comedian Ted Tourniquet, who has to say "What goes up when the rain comes down? ... Bone-Dry Brollies!" and another with Sammy Slide, the baseball star, who has to say "Go for it! You're home and dry with ... Bone-Dry Brollies!" They asked me to do one, and I said I would. I have to say "Don't let the downpours bust your day! Who ya gonna call? ... Bone-Dry Brollies!" Better start learning them. Had cream cheese on rye for lunch. Had to go out after two banshees mid-afternoon, but luckily they came quietly.



*Thursday, 29th March 1990*

Woken at three o'clock by Egon, who said that the fate of the City was resting on us. I had to quibble with this – the only thing resting on me at that time, I was convinced, was a six tog duvet, and I was pretty happy with that arrangement. Egon and I then had a conversation in which he used phrases like 'shirking responsibilities' and 'moral imperative' and 'every man to do his duty' and 'get up, you lazy oaf,' and I

suggested large items of furniture, or agricultural equipment, that could be inserted into his mouth to cut down on the noise he was making. Or better still, be dropped on him from a height in excess of ten feet. Egon, who'd already gone through this rigmarole with Peter and Ray and had heard combine harvesters and welsh dressers mentioned twice before that morning, quickly won the conversation with the aid of a fire extinguisher.

Pausing only to leave a note for Janine – telling her to get the three fire extinguishers in the dormitory re-filled, we yawned and shivered off into the bleak New York small hours. As we drove, Egon briefed us on the situation, but I didn't hear much of it as I was rather preoccupied in figuring out how, in the rush, I'd got my overall on under my tee-shirt. I asked Peter for his opinions on the subject, but he was too busy putting his boots back on the right feet.

Finally, we stopped on the freeway. It was nearly four, and there was no traffic around (though that wouldn't have stopped Egon from parking on the freeway anyway. He's the only man I know who must have had to do 'emergency jack-knives' and 'reversing round a hairpin bend at ninety' as part of his driving test.) Egon got out of ECTO-1 and told us to look at the sky. It was black. 'What are we looking at?' we asked him, with more patience than might have been expected from us. 'That black thing,' Egon told us. 'What, that black thing up there beside the black thing just next to those two black things under the large black thing over there?' we ventured.

'Exactly,' he said.

Peter, Ray and I were about to specify less-than-usual uses for futons and hay-balers when things started to rain out of the black-as-can-be sky. Odd things. Ugly things. Things with glaring, hideous eyes. Things that made a real, slimy mess of the freeway when they landed.

As hundreds of tons of slippery bug-eyed ectoplasmic globules went splat over acres of the New York countryside, the



four of us huddled under the Bone-Dry Brollies Ltd Super Family-Size Moist-Away Deluxe Umbrella that Bone-Dry had sent me to try out. The brolly shuddered under the multiple impacts of paranormal precipitation and ribbons of ooze swung and dangled off the edges of the canopy.

'Ecto-Tempest,' Egon told us gravely. 'Massive Cross-Dimensional Para-Meteorological Storm. Last time one of these happened, the city of Htzing in Northern China was destroyed by ectoplasmic flooding.'

'There's always a Htzing in the tale,' remarked Peter, and we pushed him out from under the umbrella. We only let him back when he looked like he'd had two gallons of egg white poured over his head.

'What do we do?' I asked Egon. He shrugged. 'The only chance we have to save New York from being buried in a rain of supernatural jelly is to attack the heart of the storm and try and blow it out.'



Egon explained that he had calculated the path of the Ecto-Tempest and reckoned that the eye of the storm would pass right over us in a very few minutes. Peeking out from under the brolly, we tried to make out the eye of the storm, but the sky was still black and featureless, and besides it was pretty difficult looking up and dodging the

blobs of wriggling demon-sneeze that was bucketting down at us.

Then Ray suggested using the Spectrovisors, and as soon as we'd put them on, things became horribly clear. Our enhanced vision revealed the sky above to be churning like a huge whirlpool. Imagine if you filled your bath up with india ink and then pulled the plug out – imagine the fearsome, swirling, blue-black chaos you'd cause. That's what was filling the skies of New York, a colossal riptide lit by ecto-lightning, raining down thousands of gallons of phantom goo. At the very centre, right above us, was the eye of the storm. The eye was huge, unblinking and rather bloodshot. It looked like the Ecto-Tempest had got out of bed a little early too. Our four Proton Cannons opened fire together.

'It's not working!' yelled Ray in despair. 'The storm is too strong. Our blasts are going to feedback!'

At which point they did. All the energy we'd hurled at the Ecto-Tempest came crackling back like a bolt of lightning and nearly fried us... if it hadn't hit the makeshift lightning conductor we made. The energy flashed away harmlessly from us, rebounded in a surge, and blasted the storm out of existence. Least, that's what Egon told me had happened. It all took place in under a second so I wasn't sure.

*Friday, 30th March 1990*

Went off to film the commercial today, and I took with me the smoking remains of the Bone-Dry Brolly that had saved New York. I ad libbed my lines a bit: 'Keeps off the rain, fully ectoplasm proof and harmlessly conducts protonic energy! Also saves cities!' The advertising people didn't mind much. They're selling a storm.




# ECTO-MONSTER

It seems that Egon's grandfather was a dab hand at creating things, but it came as quite a surprise to all the Real Ghostbusters when they discovered that he had invented an Ecto-Monster. The scientist had taken the monster to the North Pole, destroying all the research notes and left the monster in deep freeze in the hope that it would never escape.

It was obviously too much to hope for, and the monster returned to the Quisquil Chemical Works (where he was invented) to find his missing 'father'. When Egon arrived on the scene, the huge creature with blazing red eyes took him for his father and gave him a big hug, repeating 'Daddy, daddy, take me home!'

This gave Winston a cunning plan, whereupon the monster was taken back to Ghostbusters' HQ, led down to the basement and shown the Ecto-Containment Unit, which they pretended was his new bedroom. The monster was not overly impressed by the size of his new home, but by that time Peter had linked up a special transduction pipe to the entry system and with a yelp, the monster was sucked in.





# DEAD TRUE!



Just before the outbreak of war in 1939, a French writer by the name of Pierre Benoit was working on a screenplay with a film producer in London. Fortunately, a friend of Benoit loaned him a flat in Great Portland Street, which he gratefully accepted.

After a long hard day, Benoit sat by the fire, sipping a warming drink, safe from the miserable weather outside. Suddenly he heard a loud bell ringing in the street below, and intrigued by its peculiar sound, he peered out into the cold, drizzly and foggy night. The single old-fashioned street lamp, though completely invisible, cast a shapeless, yellowish glow into the mist that was so thick that Benoit thought that he could take a handful of it.

Soon, Benoit was able to make out two shadowy

figures carrying what appeared to be a stretcher. As they drew closer, he thought he could make out that they were wearing police uniforms from the previous century. They stopped directly below the flat and put down the stretcher, disappeared momentarily, then reappeared to place a body on the stretcher. Even through the ghastly fog, Benoit could see that it was the form of an ugly, thin looking woman, looking almost like a mummy. Benoit shuddered at the sight, but was even more horrified to see what happened next. The woman actually sat up and one of the men pushed her down again, then they lifted the stretcher and disappeared into the fog.

The next day, Benoit began to ask around to see if he could find an answer, but all the answers were unsatisfactory. This urged him to

delve more deeply until he found a reasonable explanation. It appeared that Great Portland Street had originally been called Coram Street, but the city council had deliberately changed the name. Before the change had been made, well before the turn of the century, a dancer named Harriet Buswell had been murdered on the street. This caused the street to get a bad reputation, causing people to move away which would in turn have destroyed the neighbourhood. The council changed the name in an effort to prevent this, but it could not change what happened there. Finally, Benoit learned that the murder had taken place in the very house where he was staying, and that he had seen the mysterious stretcher-bearers on the anniversary of the crime. The horror of it!



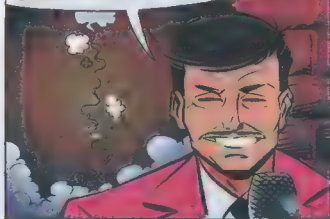


BEHIND ME LADIES AND GENTLEMEN  
IS A GREAT **HOLE**...  
... NOW AS YOU ASK YOURSELVES  
"WHO CARES", ALLOW ME TO  
INFORM YOU THAT THIS PARTICULAR  
HOLE IS A DOORWAY...  
... TO THE PAST.

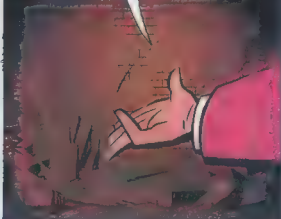
ON THIS SPOT SIXTY YEARS  
AGO, BEFORE THIS WALL, WITH  
THE **HOLE**, WAS ERRECTED, LED A  
PATH TO THE PRIVATE '**SECRET**'  
VAULT OF CAESER 'THE UNTOUCHABLE'  
CALDONI; THE EASTCOAST'S MOST  
POWERFUL **CRIMEBOSS**.

# GHOST! GANGSTERS

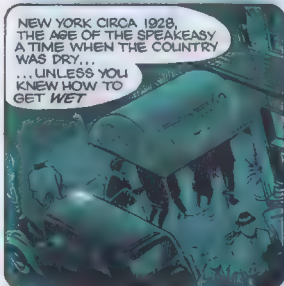
IN THIS PROGRAM WE SHALL  
EXPLORE THE ROARING TWENTIES  
AND THE WORLD OF  
CAESAR CALDONI...



... CULMINATING WITH THE  
OPENING OF HIS SECRET VALLIT



NEW YORK CIRCA 1928,  
THE AGE OF THE SPEAKEASY  
A TIME WHEN THE COUNTRY  
WAS DRY...  
... UNLESS YOU  
KNEW HOW TO  
GET WET

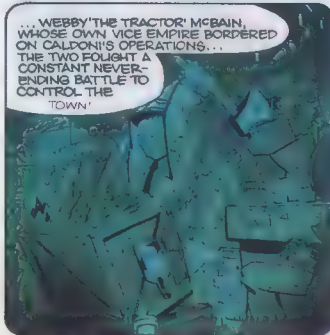


IT WAS TIMES LIKE  
THAT CAESAR CALDONI BUILT HIS  
VAST VICE EMPIRE, BRUTALLY  
ELIMINATING ALL OF HIS  
COMPETITION ...

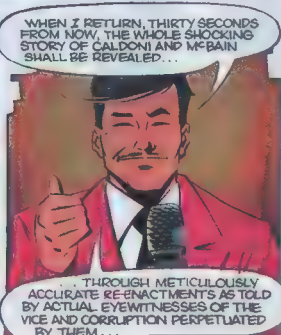


... ALL EXCEPT FOR...

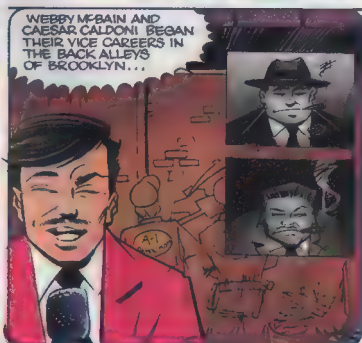
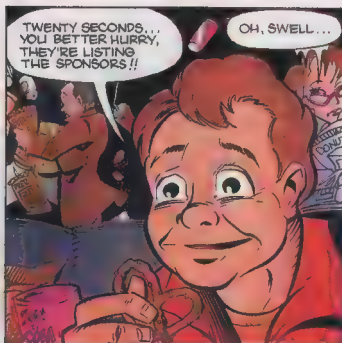
... WEBBY 'THE TRACTOR' MCBAIN,  
WHOSE OWN VICE EMPIRE BORDERED  
ON CALDONI'S OPERATIONS...  
THE TWO FOUGHT A  
CONSTANT NEVER-  
ENDING BATTLE TO  
CONTROL THE  
TOWN'



WHEN I RETURN, THIRTY SECONDS  
FROM NOW, THE WHOLE SHOCKING  
STORY OF CALDONI AND MCBAIN  
SHALL BE REVEALED...



... THROUGH METICULOUSLY  
ACCURATE RE-ENACTMENTS AS TOLD  
BY ACTUAL EYEWITNESSES OF THE  
VICE AND CORRUPTION PERPETUATED  
BY THEM...



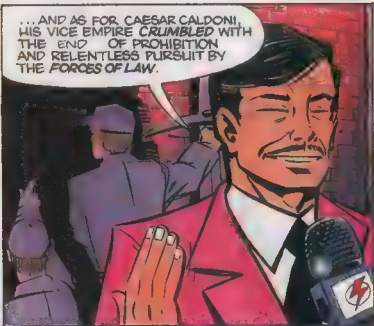


ONE HOUR LATER

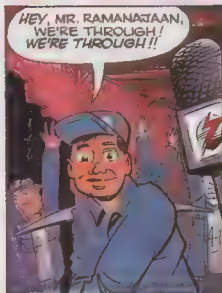
WEBBY'S CAREER ENDED  
SUPTLY WHEN HE AND  
HIS MOB MYSTERIOUSLY  
VANISHED NEVER TO  
BE SEEN AGAIN...



...AND AS FOR CAESAR CALDONI,  
HIS VICE EMPIRE CRUMBLLED WITH  
THE END OF PROHIBITION  
AND RELENTLESS PURSUIT BY  
THE FORCES OF LAW.



HEY, MR. RAMANAJAAN,  
WE'RE THROUGH!  
WE'RE THROUGH!!



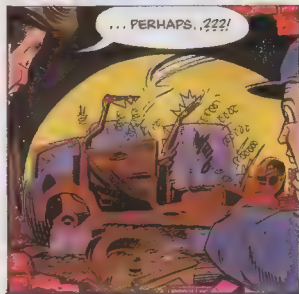
AS YOU CAN HEAR  
FROM THEIR  
JUBILANT CRIES  
THE WORKCREW  
HAS FINALLY  
BROKEN THROUGH  
THE WALL OF  
CALDONI'S VAULT.



WITH THE VAULT OPENED FOR THE  
FIRST TIME IN SIXTY YEARS WE  
SHALL GAZE UPON THE RICHES  
OF THE EASTCOAST'S MOST  
POWERFUL CRIMELOK. ...  
WHAT HAS LAYED HERE  
FOR ALL THIS TIME...



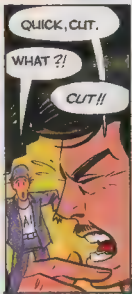
... PERHAPS... ???!

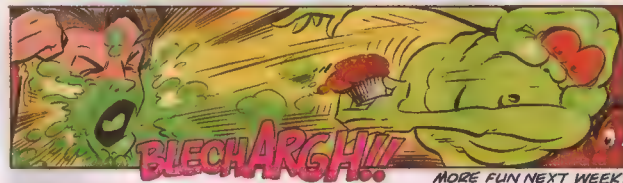
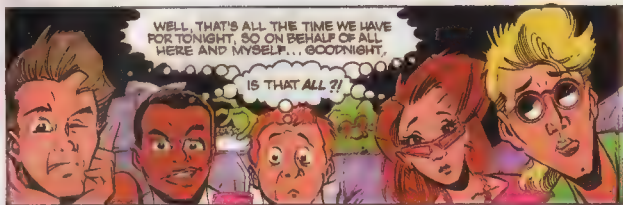


QUICK, CLIT.

WHAT ?!

CUT!!





MORE FUN NEXT WEEK!

DIVE INTO A SCRUMPTIOUS

**SLIMER!**

CHEWY BAR-

**FREE WITH ISSUE EIGHT!**



**BEFORE SLIMER GETS THERE FIRST!**

**FROM STARVED**

# GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Yep, it's that time of the week again. Time for the good ol' Ghostbusters' post bag, in which I shall attempt to answer your questions with the least amount of mess possible!

**Dear Peter...**

1. Why were you thrown out of university?  
2. Wouldn't it be easier to turn the ghosts ectoplasm into metal and then trap it with a very powerful magnet?  
— Anon, Gateshead.

1. Dean Yeager decided to move us off campus because the Board of Regents had decided to terminate our grant. He thought our work there was 'the worst kind of popular tripe'. He thought our methods were sloppy and that we were poor scientists. I think we can safely say we have proved him wrong! 2. Hmm, possibly, but how would we get them into the Containment Unit!

I have some questions:

1. Who is the best singer?
2. Does Egon ever go out with Janine?

— Phillip Greene, Edgeware.

*1. Why, it's Ace Freeby, the lead singer of Metal Witch, of course. 2. Yeah, a couple of times I've seen them go out to do the shopping!*

I would like you to answer my questions:

1. I would like to know what 'apocolips' means?
2. What college did you go to?
3. Why is there a seat on top of ECTO-1?

*1. I think the word you mean is 'apocalypse', which means a huge and violent event, similar to those that occurred in The Bible! 2. Weaver Hall University in New York! 3. We put it there in case one of us needs to be in a good position to blast a speeding spook, or in case one of us needs a bit more air!*

Please could you answer these questions:

1. Will you ever run out of ghosts to catch?
2. Will you, or any of the other ghostbusters, ever invent a machine that will attract the ghosts to you?

— Douglas Gray, Ratho.

*1. Let's hope not, if only for the sake of my pension! 2. I suppose that it would be an idea, but how could we make ourselves more attractive. It's just not possible!*

I have some questions:

In the new Ghostbusters film, Ray and Winston have different Proton Packs. Why don't they have them in the comic?

— James Wapshott, Blackpool.

*They do have them. They're called Ecto-splat Guns and we've used them plenty of times before!*

I have a couple of questions for you:

1. Is Metal Witch a heavy metal band?
2. Why is Ray so ace?
3. Do any of you ever get tired of being Ghostbusters?

— A Big Ray fan, Britain.

*1. Well, they'd hardly be a Country and Western group, now would they! 2. Ace? I've always seen him as the Joker in our pack! 3. Never! Puffed out, exhausted, worn out... but never tired!*

1. Why does Egon hardly ever smile?

2. When Winston writes his diary, how does he get all of the writing into the small space in his diary?

— Stephen Foote, Taunton

*1. It's because he's a scientist! They tend to think about things a bit too much, and are therefore rather serious! 2. It's not actually that diary that he writes in. He's got two diaries: one for important things and one for the adventures that he tells you. Obviously the one for his adventures is a lot bigger!*





# SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**  
Marvel Comics Ltd  
13/15 Arundel Street  
London  
WC2



What did Dracula say to his girlfriend?

*"Do you fancy a bite to eat?"!*  
— John Walker, Radstock

Why did the Cyclops give up teaching?

*Because he only had one pupil!*

What is it called when Cyclops gather for a big dance?

*An eye-ball!*

When Cyclops went to Paris what did he go to see?

*The Eye-ffel Tower!*

— Carl Byrne, Moreton

What do you call a monster with a car on its head?

*Jack!*

— Mark Flew and Simon Treadaway, Middlesex

Where do ghosts like to swim?

*The Dead Sea!*

Where do ghosts live?

*In a far distant terror-tory!*

— Duncan Buckley, Gnosall

Why did Frankenstein squeeze his girlfriend to death?

*Because he had a crush on her!*

— Gavin McNeill, Edinburgh

## SPECIAL READERS OFFER! 500 Haunted Wood Posters to be won!

Down in the Haunted Wood, the monsters from Monster Munch are getting the fright of their lives. Ghosts, bats and ghouls lie in wait for them. 500 lucky readers will be able to create their own scary scene because we've got a Haunted Wood colour poster and a set of lift 'n' stick glow-in-the-dark monsters to give to the first 500 postcards we receive.

If you're unlucky enough to miss out on this offer, look out for the posters and stickers on the special multibags of Monster Munch in your local supermarket.

Send in your postcard to **Real Ghostbusters/ Monster Munch Offer, PO Box 93, Ruislip, Middlesex, HA4 0NU**



# LATHER FRENZY!



**IN JUST 7 DAYS**



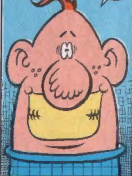
SLIMER AND FACE-ACE ARE HAVING A FUNNY FACE COMPETITION...



**NYUURKO**



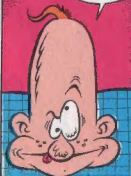
**BLIK**



**BLACK!**



**FNOOR!**



**FNYUK!**



WELL I DON'T SEE WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT ANY OF THOSE FACES !!

